

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE GIPSY'S REVENGE.

BY DANIEL WISE.

(Concluded from page 7.)

C H A P T E R T H I R D .

“Gloom is upon thy silent hearth
O silent house ! once filled with mirth ;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thy early flowers,
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.”

HEMANS.

The evening after their visit to the gipsy camp was spent by the Talbots in a most gloomy manner. The Squire was dull and thoughtful, occupied with reflections concerning the probability of discovering his long lost brother among the gipsies : his lady felt timid and fearful for she remembered the gipsy's curse and the woman's prediction, and the mirth of the girls was restrained by the sadness of their parents. At a very early hour they all retired to their respective apartments.

Excited to an unnatural degree by the new train of thought respecting his lost brother, Mr Talbot could not sleep. His uneasy slumbers were incessantly broken by a vision of the brown visage and flashing eyes of the gipsy George floating mistily in the air ; and anon the laughing face of his brother, as he appeared before his sudden departure, appeared in its stead. Sinking at last into a heavy slumber, he forgot the past in blissful dreams of the future ; when he was awakened by

a fearful sense of suffocation. Starting up, he found the room filled with a dense smoke, and before he sufficiently recovered his senses to reflect, he heard the heavy voice of his servant man bawling,

‘Measter! Measter! The house be on fire ! the house be on fire !’

Other voices responded to the cry, and soon every passage rung with the cry of ‘Fire ! Fire ! Fire !’

To arouse his wife and rush below was but the work of a moment. There he found all his servants trembling with terror. His quick eye soon discovered the absence of his daughters, and hurrying up stairs through the thick columns of smoke that rolled along the broad passages, he reached their chamber. There he found his two eldest daughters senseless ; the youngest, little Ellen, was not there. A moment sufficed him to be sure she was not in the room, and lifting his unconscious daughters in his arms he bore them into the orchard below, where the cool air soon restored them to consciousness.

To return in search of Ellen was now impossible, for the flames which had first broken out in the rear of the hall, were pouring through the hall and rushing down the stairs with an impetuosity nothing could check. The dry old oak beams of the manse were fairly on fire and no power on earth could stop their destruction. Wrapping themselves therefore, in the few articles of clothing and bedding brought out in the hurry of escape, they looked on, in helpless despair. Mean-

while an engine had arrived from the neighboring village, neighbors flocked around, and a carriage was brought to convey the family to a place of safety.

So utterly confounded was Mrs. Talbot by the sudden and terrible alarm that she had been completely stupefied up to the time of entering the carriage. Here she came to herself, and her first thought was for her children. Glancing around her, she distinguished her eldest daughters; but missing the youngest, a dire foreboding seemed to steal over her mind, as with a convulsive effort she asked, 'Where is little Ellen?'

Mr T. was silent; when with a terrible scream, his lady cried 'Give me my child!' and falling backwards she fainted!

It was truly pitiable to see the distress of that mother when consciousness returned. Her first cry was 'O my child! my child! My darling Ellen! Give me my Ellen!'

In vain did her daughters and the amiable lady in whose hospitable home they were lodged, attempt to soothe her. The frenzy of madness filled her brain; a succession of faintings ensued until utterly prostrated by exhaustion, she sank into a profound stupor.

Meanwhile Mr Talbot had returned to the scene of destruction. By dint of much effort the fire had been got under, for fortunately the air was as calm as nature's stillest hour, and the flames had not communicated themselves to his barns and granaries. He now began to make inquiries respecting the origin of the fire. From the fact that it broke out in three or four places at once, it was clearly the work of an incendiary. Suspicion at once fastened on the gipsy, especially as the report now reached him of the departure of the camp on the previous evening. This suspicion led him to hope for the life of his child. The open door of her chamber confirmed his hope, and he resolved to lose no time in pursu-

ing the gipsy. Making known his suspicions to his friends, they immediately volunteered their services; an order for the arrest of gipsy George and his companions was procured, and by daylight some twelve or more of the neighboring farmers were well mounted for the chase.

'Which way shall we go Mister Talbot?' inquired a jolly old fellow whose round, red face told how well he loved the ale barrel, 'looking after a gipsy party is like hunting for your wife's needle in a wheat rick!' 'Ay,' said another, 'or searching for a buck shot in a barrel of hay seed.'

'I think,' said a young bumpkin, 'as how we had better scatter off in every direction, like the four pints of the vane 'on mother's barn.'

'Let us first ride to the village,' said Mr Talbot, 'and then consult on our best method of pursuit.'

They arrived at the village inn just as the morning coach stopped. Mr T. inquired of the coachman if he had met any persons on the road, stating at the same time, his misfortune and his object.

'Squire Talbot,' said the coachman, who was a large pompous man, and a cockney withal, 'I can give you that ere gipsy's cue I know. I was driving over Portsdown hill this morning like the racers on Ascott heath, and just as I reached the top where the road turns off to the hill, I spied two fellows a foot a little way down the lane skulking along under the fence. I thought first they were poachers, but after I had drove a little way, I heard a scream like the cry of a child.—Had I not been tied to time, as you see coachmen are, I should have stopped and given pursuit.'

'Here my good fellow, take this,' said the Squire, throwing him a half-guinea; and now friends, let us all away to Portsdown hill.'

In a few minutes the whole party was in motion, urging their horses to the top

of their speed. Here we will leave them for a while and take a peep at the state of affairs in the gipsy camp.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

'Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end ?
O that the vain remorse which must chastise
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge.'

SHELLEY.

The grey morning, dim with the slow retreating shadows of night, was just peeping over the eastern horizon when the gipsy George and his companion, a brown suspicious looking fellow, who bore in his arms a young girl, were hurrying over the summit of a high hill.

They were now in its most wild and gloomy part. No house was near, scarcely a tree relieved the wildness of the scene, while the chalky soil produced only a scanty covering of grass under their feet. On one side deep chalk pits opened their wide mouths upon them, and on the other, in the distance, an interminable wood spread its dull foliage to the eye. It was a barren and desolate place.

'Tell me,' said George, breaking a long silence, 'how you found the girl's chamber?'

'Leave me alone for knowing how to do such things,' replied the other; 'I watched at the windows for the lights.—I saw the Squire in his chamber and then knew that the other one with a light must be where the girls slept.'

'Well how did you reach the room without arousing the servants?'

'I got in at the kitchen window and unbarred the door, then I stole softly up stairs; listened at the Squire's door and heard him breathing very hard, so that I was sure he slept. Next, I slid into the young misses room and found them all fast asleep. By the starlight I saw this little lady in a bed by herself, and taking her clothes on my arms I lifted her gent-

ly up in the bed clothes and quietly bore her off.'

'Well done! you shall not lose your reward—but did you ever see a fire take better than the old manse. It did my heart good to see how the flames shot up into the air. It was pretty dry. I think I've taught the Squire how to treat the gipsies. Hah! hah! hah!'

They had now reached a more fertile and lovely spot, and striking down a long avenue of fine old elms, they soon reached a foot-path leading into a wood. This they entered, and after a short winding walk reached their camp, which was already up, though the inmates, weary with the night's march, were all fast asleep.

The Gipsy George proceeded to his own tent with little Ellen, whom he gave in charge to his obsequious wife. She speedily arrayed her in a coarse dress of dirty brown holland, and staining her face and hands with a decoction of walnut juice, and trimming her beautiful hair close to her head, the little girl might have easily passed for a genuine member of the gipsy tribe.

This done, the women and children bestirred themselves to prepare their breakfast, while the two wanderers sought a few minutes repose, and the other males went out with their snares to entrap a partridge or a rabbit for their morning repast.

In this manner some two hours were passed, when the horsemen, with Squire Talbot at their head, reached the camp; having been directed to it partly by their knowledge of the usual place of encampment for these wanderers, and partly by the curling smoke that rose above the foliage of the copse. The party surrounded the tents, and demanded the surrender of the person of George. Hearing the confusion, he crept from his tent, and was seized before he had time to think of resistance. His companion, discovering the proceedings without, and igno-

rant of the number of the assailants, rushed to the rescue, but was instantly beaten down by the oaken clubs of the farmers. But for this interference he might have escaped arrest; now, however, the Squire thought it best to secure his person also.

In a few minutes, the work of arrest was over, and the Gipsy George and his companions, with their hands tied behind them, were led forth on their way to prison.

Having given the prisoners in charge to his attendants, Mr Talbot instituted a search for his daughter. Entering a tent, he saw a girl about the size of his own, weeping in a corner, but so different was she in appearance from his own dear Ellen, that he was about to leave it to search elsewhere; when the little girl looking up, exclaimed,

'Papa! Papa! Do take me away from this horrid place!' and with a hysterical sob she rushed into the arms of the astonished and bewildered father. The voice and the manner were those of his Ellen, but the dress, the color of her face, were so unlike her's, shorn as she was of her beautiful hair, he could scarcely distinguish her. A moment's examination of her features, however, convinced him, and with the fulness of a parent's joy he strained the defaced beauty to his bosom. By dint of threats, he obtained her clothes from the gipsy woman, and rejoining his party they set out on their return.

A judicial investigation resulted in the committal of the gipsy and his companion for trial, on the two-fold charge of arson and the abduction of the child.

Heavily ironed, George sat in his narrow cell, musing gloomily on the dismal future before him, when the creaking and banging of doors intimated the approach of visitors to his cell. He started as Squire Talbot entered, and requested the turnkey to leave him alone with the prisoner.

Relieved of the presence of the turnkey, Mr Talbot began the conversation by remarking:

'Your situation is gloomy, shut up in these old stone walls!'

'Good enough for a gipsy though,' muttered the prisoner angrily.

'Be not angry, my good fellow, I am your friend, and have come here to see if I can benefit you.'

'My friend! eh! Very friendly is Squire Talbot to the gipsies when he refuses a beggarly wisp of straw, and drives them from his hall doors with insult! eh!'

'True, I did refuse you straw, and order you off my manor, but nevertheless I mean you well.'

'So does the hawk mean well towards the chicken.'

'I am sorry you are so surly, as it may prevent a disclosure of facts of the first importance to your safety and to your future elevation in society.'

The gipsy here glanced suspiciously at the Squire, but seeing nothing but beneficence and kindness in his looks, he remained silent, though obviously softened in his feelings. Mr Talbot proceeded to inquire:

'George, were you born among the gipsies?'

'No.'

'Did you join them voluntarily?'

'No.'

'Do you remember when you joined them?'

'Very indistinctly!'

'How old were you?'

'I don't know: I was quite a boy.'

'Have you any recollections of what and where you were before you were carried to the camp of the gipsies?'

'Not much; only I remember something of a large house with a great many servants; and also a playmate that fancy always paints as my brother; I remember too, a lady who used to fondle and caress me, and I have thought it might be my

mother;—and a tear stood in the stern eye of the prisoner as he spoke.

‘Have you any article of clothing that belonged to you when brought among the gipsies?’

‘Nothing but a shoe. After I was introduced among them, I, like all the rest of the children, went barefoot. It hurt my feet at first; and finding this shoe I used to wear it sometimes when my feet were sore, and afterwards I kept it as something that belonged to me.’

Squire Talbot was almost choked with emotion as he asked,

‘Have you that shoe now?’

‘I have. I preserved it sacredly, hoping it one day might prove a means of identifying myself, and of discovering my early home; for though a gipsy in feeling and professions, there have come over me, at times, strong and mighty desires to discover my true lineage and family. Here,’ continued he, drawing a boy’s shoe from his bosom, ‘is the only relic of my former condition.’

Trembling in every joint, the Squire seized the shoe. Fortunately, its partner had been saved in the bureau from the ravages of the fire, and producing it he placed them together. They were a pair! Dropping them on the floor, the kind-hearted Squire fell on the neck of the gipsy, crying,

‘My brother! My Henry! My long lost brother!’

The stern feelings of the gipsy relented under the strong emotion of his brother, and they wept like children as they leaned on each other’s neck. That was a delicious moment, sacred to the out-breakings of an affection long pent up in despairing hearts.

The first expressions of feelings past, the Squire sought for other evidence of his brother’s identity. This consisted of a large scar on the shoulder, occasioned by a fall from a window young Henry had met with while yet a child. Baring

his arm, the scar appeared obvious and plain on the spot designated by the Squire. Here, then, was an end of doubt. The Gipsy George and Squire Talbot were brothers.

It need only be stated, that through the influence of the Squire, which was very extensive, legal proceedings were stopped against his brother, who was restored to his proper standing in society. That he lived to regret his rash revenge, it is also needless to remark. He did regret it with deep and vain regret.

As he was without fortune, the Squire generously divided his vast wealth with his newly found brother. Thus raised from the vagabond habits of a gipsy camp, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his mind, and was soon able to appear in society in a manner creditable to his station, and, for aught we know to the contrary, he yet lives to adorn it.

For the Ladies’ Pearl.

THE DAY OF GOD.

Why blushes yonder sky
So beautifully bright?
What scene sublimely grand is nigh,
Borne on the wings of light?
It is the day of God—the day so long fore-told;
Seraph and saint shall soon its bright’ning
blaze unfold!

From yonder azure height
What sounds are those I hear?
‘Tis music following the flight
Of glory’s pioneer.
The Angel flying through the blue-arch’d
sky, to tell
How man has risen to bliss more high than
that from which he fell!
All hail auspicious day!
The gospel of our God
Now spreads its universal sway
Through all the earth abroad.
The songs of harps above are echoed to the
earth,
And not a note discordant mars the holy
mirth!

Christ's kingdom is set up
 In every contrite heart ;
 Not holier was the mountain top,
 Heaven's splendid counterpart,
 When Jesus with the holy three in mystic
 musing trod,
 And from the burning mount came forth
 the voice of God !
 The reign of sin is o'er ;
 Behold his sceptre fall ;
 Nations shall own his sway no more,
 Since ' Christ is all in all.'
 The deep response of earth to heaven like
 incense to the skies,
 Rises on every murmuring gale, one cease-
 less sacrifice.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

**TUCHOMA—A LEGEND OF WAM-
 ESIT.**

Thirty years ago and Lowell, the "city of spindles," the far famed "Manchester of America," was not, and save a few humble dwellings, the place where it now stands was desolate. The Concord hastened in solitary beauty to pour itself into the broad bosom of the Merrimack, and the two rivers rolled on as now, together, yet fearing to mingle the current of their waters. Their banks scarce echoed to the tread of human feet, save when a straying angler came with hook and line to seek the life of their finny inhabitants. Two hundred years before, and on this same spot, in the glory of their power, dwelt a noble tribe of the noble race of red men. Marked, it is true, by characteristic blemishes, they possessed the highest order of Indian virtues. Valor had spread their name abroad, and few were the tribes that dared incur their enmity. Where are they now, the brave Pawtuckets? Gone to the happy hunting grounds of their Elysium? Ay, as they were they exist not now.—The cemetery so lately consecrated, was their last abiding place at Wamesit, and factories, churches and dwelling-houses, stand where their graves have

been. A remnant of the tribe small and weak, degraded by the vices of the white man, whose virtues they will not copy and whose arts they will not learn, still wander over the hills and vales of New England, and occasionally come just as summer is waning, to sojourn a few weeks on the banks of the river where their ancestors dwelt in the pride of their prosperity. At the time of our tale the Pawtuckets were numerous and powerful, the sun of their glory seemed to pause on the meridian; it gleamed a moment longer, and sank in the shades of sorrow.

A band of chosen warriors were returning victorious from a dangerous enterprise, their wild shouts were re-echoed from the camp they were approaching, and the whole tribe went out to meet them rejoicing. But, why is Medemseh, the bravest of the brave, silent? His arrow was swiftest in battle and it never sped its flight in vain.—See! he bears suspended from his war pole the trophies of his valor. Those scalps shaven to the crown, are the scalps of warriors, they never graced the heads of women or children.—Medemseh is the pride of the Pawtuckets, why does he not join the shouts of his people? No arrow has pierced him, and when was Medemseh weary? Alas! the Plague Spirit is on him, the pestilence is in his veins. He will be gathered to his fathers and go no more on his war paths forever. Tuchoma, his betrothed, the loveliest of Indian maidens follows him to his wigwam, she fans him with the green leaves of the forest, she bathes his burning brow with fresh water from the fountain, but she cannot relieve. Old Wodok looks in sullen sorrow on the son of his adoption; all the Powow's magic is in vain, no spell can bind the warrior's breath. The dying feels it, hear the voice of his lamentation. "Medemseh loves not life, but is he a coward that he should die like a woman? For this did I return from battle? Would

that I had fallen! Would that the Great Spirit had called me from victory to the grave, then would I die content."

There was grief in the camp when Medemseh was borne to the grave. Silently they gathered about him while Wodok approached, and raising his tall figure with the dignity of grief repressed in all the richness of Indian eloquence told his virtues—He had been the terror of their enemies, the young lion of the tribe, the right arm of their power—his heart was true as his arrow was sure; his brothers had loved him as his foes had feared.—Wodok was old, he had known many warriors, but none like the fallen; he had many friends, but none like him—But the Great Spirit had called him, he had gone in the freshness of his youth.

All were sad, but the heart of Tuchoma was desolate; with less than Indian firmness the maiden wept for her betrothed, the chosen of her heart. Arrayed in the choicest of his ornaments, with his hand upon his bow and his quiver beside him, and his face turned to the heaven of his faith they buried him. They returned to their lodge, and consternation seized them. Was the Great Spirit angry with his children? Another and another of their strong ones fell before the pestilence.

Time rolled on; two months had passed since the last fatal conquest of the Pawtuckets and alas, what a change had passed over the people! The bow was unstrung, the scalping knife was at rest, and war was forgotten. Every thought was absorbed in the blighting sickness that raged fiercer and more fierce. It was the hour of midnight, the pale moon looked as if in pity on the scene, ever and anon a stealthy step was heard and again all was still as death, for the dead and dying were there. But hark! A shrill shout broke upon the silent air. It was the war cry of the enemy! The Maquas were upon them! They had ta-

ken the village of Nashoba, and come down silent as night on the enfeebled Pawtuckets. The work of death begun, a few disheartened fighting men of the Pawtuckets opposed them for a time, but they soon yielded and the enemy were carrying all before them. Their leader, Ahatawana, swift to carry death to every wigwam, entered the lodge of Wodok.—Tuchoma was handing a cup to quench his dying thirst, he was slain before her eyes, and the tomahawk was raised above her own head, when Ahatawana struck with her youthful beauty resolved to secure her alive. Again the Pawtuckets rallied; Chincas, the friend of Medemseh was chosen their leader, they rushed in fury upon the enemy and victory turned in their favor. The Maquas fled, but Tuchoma was borne with them. The Pawtuckets pursued in vain, they knew not that the daughter of their sage Wodok, "the star-eye," of their tribe was with them, and, fearing to encounter the whole force of the Maquas, they returned.

The Maquas, no longer fearing pursuit, halted, then slowly proceeded and arrived at Nashoba before sunset. The lodge of the chief was assigned to Tuchoma but she noted it not; the young girls came to attend her, but she saw them not. She sat with her eyes, lustrous but expressionless, fixed on vacuity and her thoughts too little collected to realize or hardly know her situation.

Morning came and Ahatawana sought the lodge of the lovely stranger, bearing presents of beads and furs. He gazed a moment on her statue-like beauty and then approached. "The bright-eyed daughter of the Pawtuckets has pleased the chief of the Maquas said he, presenting the gifts he had brought.—Tuchoma turned in horror from the offering while he continued—"Will she spurn the gift? She shall be the favorite wife of Ahata-

wana, the daughters of the Maquas shall be her slaves."

Tuchoma kindled with indignation, her flashing eyes met those of Ahatawana.

"Dost thou despise me! Then feel my vengeance." And his tomahawk was flourished a second time over her head.

"Tuchoma loves not life as she hates the murderer of her father," said the unflinching maiden.

"Ha! is it so? Then live and be mine thou haughtiest child of a boasting race. Thou shalt be gentle as thou art beautiful. I will tame the proud spirit of thy fire-flashing eye. To-day I go to the chase, tomorrow I return, and the raven-haired Pawtucket maid shall be my bride."

Ahatawana departed and Tuchoma, awakened for a moment to the horrors of her situation, again sunk into a sort of stupid insensibility, and night was dark around her ere she awoke from it. Then all her misery burst upon her. The hour was approaching, Ahatawana would soon be there, and oh, the dreadful fate that awaited her! The most horrid thoughts were passing through her mind, when she heard a slight rustling within the lodge, and her own name spoken in a low voice. She started and drew back in terror.—Was it the call of Ahatawana? The name was repeated and the voice was not the one she feared, it was softer and more familiar to her ear; she bounded forward and Chincas stood before her.

"Fly, fly with me Tuchoma," said the brave Pawtucket, "I come to lead thee to thy home and people."

Tuchoma needed no second appeal, she was glad to escape her expected fate, but her heart thrilled sadly at the names of home and people; her home was solitary and the best beloved of her people had gone to the spirit land. Softly they left the lodge by the entrance Chincas had made, and silently pursued their way

till weariness compelled Tuchoma to take rest before they reached the rendezvous of their friends. Her deliverer sat beside her, he gazed long and earnestly upon his lovely companion and then spoke. "Chincas has long loved the daughter of Wodok, but she was the betrothed of Medemseh. We have mourned the fallen brave. He was my friend, I knew his virtues and was true to him. Still Tuchoma was the light of my eye, will she be the star of my home, the cherished of my heart, the wife of my bosom?

"Chincas, my deliverer, thy virtues are known, they should win the love of fairer maid, but I am still the betrothed of Medemseh, my heart is in his grave, and weary of life I only wish to die, to share his grave, and to follow in the same path to a happier land.—O, my feet will never weary till I overtake him."

A darker shade passed over the dark but noble face of the Indian, and vanished as he answered: "Then I will hope no more, but the friend of Medemseh will be the friend of Tuchoma."

Again they pursued their way, joined their friends at the appointed place, and Tuchoma was conveyed in safety to the home of her people, Wamesit. They passed the grave of Medemseh, another was beside it; it was that of Wodok. They tore her from the spot and led her to the wigwam.

Twilight approached and the sorrowing girl went out alone to weep over the grave of her heart's treasures. Night came, the moon looked upon her tears, but she was not alone. Chincas had followed and stood by her. But there was another eye upon them, an eye of fury and fiendish vengeance. Abalowana was there. A deadly arrow was aimed at the heart of Chincas. Tuchoma saw it, she darted before him and fell upon the graves of lover and sire.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Alas! how little man can guess,
What likeliest speaks his happiness;
How oft we find a present care;
The way to future joy prepare;
How oftener still that bliss to-day;
Paves but to woe to-morrow's way.
So on the stone the trav'ler sheds,
His curse, on which he stumbling treads;
That stone, which breaking, he decries
A diamond of unusual size;
Or hails with joy the rapt'rous light,
That leads him only to eternal night.

Anecdote of Lady Raffles.—One day while this lady was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favorite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch, with a feeling of misery—she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed native woman, of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. ‘I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of every body? Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him?—And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty?—What would you have more? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window.’—*Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*, p 500.

A Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she would receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

“I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong,
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.”

A man who paints ladies' portraits should never be remarkably handsome.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CHARLOTTE MOWBRAY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

‘Let integrity and uprightness preserve me.’

Charlotte Mowbray having ordered a fire to be kindled in the parlor, withdrew to select a book from one of the best furnished private libraries in the city of New York. It was the first day for the season that the wailing voice of autumn had been heard round the corners of her dwelling, and, to her, there was something more grateful in the sound than in the summer breeze, for with the latter was associated the remembrance of disease and death.—Having procured the book, she seated herself by the cheerful fire with feelings more serene and approaching nearer to enjoyment than she had experienced for many weeks. Her melancholy and perfectly pale countenance indicated more fully than her mourning dress, that she was the daughter of sorrow, and there could not have been a more striking contrast, than between the appearance of herself and a little girl who sat beside her on a cricket amusing herself with a large wax doll.

Whoever has seen a child with a smooth, round forehead delicately streaked with azure veins—laughing eyes of a celestial blue, their lids fringed with long golden lashes—a profusion of soft ringlets, bright as if steeped in sunbeams—cheeks fresh as the morning rose, and lips, if possible, still fresher, on which was dawning one of those innocent smiles, the overflow of the heart's content, may, in imagination behold the little Effie Mowbray.

It was now about two months since Charlotte's parents and her only brother, the father of Effie, had fallen victims to a fatal epidemic. The child's mother had died two years previously, soon after which her father having become insolvent returned to his paternal home, taking his daughter with him.

The same morning Mr Farrell, a man

somewhat past the prime of life, entered his office in a hurried manner, and without noticing Edwin Maitland, his nephew, who sat by the fire reading a newspaper, unlocked a trunk from which he took several bundles of papers and placed them upon a table. Taking his seat in an arm chair, he spent an hour or more in minutely examining them. He then started up exclaiming, 'a bad piece of business this—my ward seems likely to become a beggar.'

'What! Charlotte Mowbray?' inquired Maitland, slightly coloring.

'Yes, my little Crœsus, as I have been in the habit of calling her.'

'Pray, what has happened?'

'The brig *Mercutio* has just arrived bringing news of the loss of the ship *Catherine*, which, as you know, belonged to the late Mr Mowbray.'

'A great loss, certainly, but one that will be felt by the insurance company more than by your ward, I apprehend.'

'No, there is not the amount of a cent insured on either vessel or cargo. Mr Mowbray's sudden and severe illness probably prevented him from attending to it, for I find the vessel sailed about the time he died, and I never thought of looking into the matter till I heard it was lost.'

'But this loss, great as it is, cannot reduce Miss Mowbray to the extremity you mentioned.'

'No, were there not other losses nearly as great—but *Becknor & Co.* have failed—one of the banks thought to be firm as the hills, in which Mr Mowbray was a large stockholder, is down, besides which there are so many bad debts, that were all who have claims on the estate honestly paid, there could be nothing left. There is one way, and only one, for Charlotte to save herself from absolute beggary!'

'And what is that?'

'I must obtain Charlotte's consent to put one-half of the available property under cover, and with the other half pay fifty cents on the dollar.'

'Do you think, uncle, that Charlotte Mowbray will consent to such an arrangement as that?'

'I cannot say—she will be a fool if she don't. It will give her, according to the hurried estimate which I have made, fifteen thousand dollars, and with that, although she will be obliged to give up her splendid establishment, she can live very comfortably.'

'If she should consent to it, she is not the person I take her to be,' said Edwin.

'At any rate, I am glad you did not follow my advice and offer her your hand. She is no longer a proper match for you.'

'Pardon me, uncle, but if she have the fortitude to refuse the golden bait which you are about to hold out to her, I shall no longer hesitate to follow my inclination. Her reputed wealth has hitherto alone prevented.'

'I think you are perfectly safe, nephew, or I would use what little eloquence I have to dissuade you from the idea of doing so very silly a thing. No, no—Charlotte is a person of sense and discretion—she will consent to keep the fifteen thousand dollars.'

'Yes, Charlotte is, as you say a person of sense and discretion, and I believe of strict integrity. Her father was an unpretending but practical christian, who strove to live up to the golden rule of doing to others as he would that they should do unto him, and I believe his daughter to be capable of imitating his example.'

'We shall see,' was Mr Farrell's reply, as he left the office.

It was not without feelings of deep apprehension, that Edwin saw his uncle direct his steps towards the dwelling of Charlotte Mowbray. He knew that the influences of the domestic circle in her own home, had ever been salutary, but he was aware that she unavoidably mingled with many in society, whose sense of right and wrong was graduated by a much lower scale than comported with his own ideas on the subject, and knowing the power of example, he feared, that in the hour of trial she would forget the pure and high-toned principles which had been the guide of both her parents, and which they had sed-

ulously endeavored to implant in her own mind, and descend to a level with many of those with whom she associated. Some may imagine that he was too uncompromising and severe, especially for a young man and a lover. His consciousness of being the latter was the very reason why he watched the character of Charlotte with so jealous an eye. He wished to ascertain, before attempting to gain her consent to unite her destiny with his, whether her virtues were based on a sure foundation.

On being admitted to the presence of his ward, Mr Farrell, without any unnecessary delay informed her of her heavy losses, and advised her to adopt the course which he had suggested to his nephew.

‘O no,’ she replied quickly, ‘I cannot consent to that. Many to whom my father was indebted are obliged to earn their bread by their daily labor. Had he lived, they would have received what was due them long before now, for he made a point of being prompt in his payments to the tradesman and the laborer. No, Mr Farrell, I can see no reason why a portion of what is justly their own, should be withheld to enable me to live more at my ease, and in better style than themselves.’

‘You take a wrong view of the matter, my dear,’ he replied. ‘Labor is easy to those who are accustomed to it. When a parent gives his son a good trade, he in reality gives him a fortune. You have never been habituated to labor of any kind. Thrown upon the world, you would be helpless as an infant. Your little niece, too—what will become of her?’

Charlotte turned her eyes to the child, who unconscious of impending evil, was still intent upon her amusement, with a smile lurking in her bright blue eyes and just parting her rosy lips. Her resolution for a moment faltered. Her guardian perceived it, and repeated his proposal, not forgetting to set in a strong light the miseries and privations which would be her lot should she persist in rejecting it.

‘You will recollect,’ said he, ‘that if you foolishly persist in paying the whole, that

this splendid mansion can no longer be your home. The house—all the costly furniture, the valuable library which your father was so many years in collecting—even your harp and piano must all be sold, while, would you consent to the arrangement which I recommend, the house and furniture might remain untouched, and you might rent them to some genteel and quiet family in which you and your niece might board. You would thus be hardly conscious of the diminution of your fortune.’

The struggle in Charlotte’s mind was only momentary, and when he had ceased speaking, her countenance which had indicated her agitation, was serene and placid. The tone of her voice was firm and decided, when she again replied:

‘As I have already intimated,’ said she, ‘I have no right to luxuries procured by the property of others. I have youth and health, and a good education. If I can add to these energy and perseverance, I think I shall have nothing to fear.’

‘You have obstinacy enough already,’ he was almost tempted to say, but as his eyes rested on her countenance, pale, mild and beautiful, he could not avoid feeling for her a degree of reverence, for so resolutely adhering to those very principles he was striving to undermine.

When Mr Farrell returned, his nephew who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival, divined by the subdued cast of his countenance that he had been unsuccessful. Considerable nervous irritation was apparent in the manner in which he divested himself of his hat and gloves and threw them upon the table, and his first words were, ‘Edwin, if you have any regard for your own comfort, never marry. I bless my stars that I am a bachelor. Who would have thought that Charlotte Mowbray with that mild, beautiful face of hers, could be so perfectly obstinate and unmanageable. I really think that one week ago, could I have taken a score of years from my age, I should have proposed to her.’

‘Does she reject your advice, then?’ inquired Edwin with a pleasure he could not disguise.

‘Yes—I did not think she was so devoid of discretion.’

‘She has proved herself to be just what I thought her.’

‘You appear as if you thought it to be a really fine affair for a young, delicately-bred girl, with the care of a child three years old, to be thrown upon the world.—Depend upon it, Edwin, that before many months, she will bitterly repent of the course she has taken.’

‘I hope not, though I confess I had forgotten little Effie, her niece. That makes a dark shade in the prospect, but it is so delightful to witness the triumph of true integrity, and it must yield her such real, heart-felt satisfaction, that I feel much more inclined to congratulate than commiserate her.’

The day fixed for the sale of the house where Charlotte Mowbray had first entered upon a life, chequered like all other lives, with sunshine and gloom, had just arrived. The different articles of furniture, most of which were older than herself and seemed like household friends, were removed from their accustomed nooks and corners, and arranged so as to accommodate those who might wish to inspect them, thus imparting an air of discomfort and confusion to the late well ordered apartment. One small chamber was alone secured from the intrusion of the large number assembled; some with the intention of becoming purchasers; more through idle curiosity. In it was seated Charlotte with Effie at her feet, culling amusement from a few shreds of silk and muslin in her lap; for she had insisted on having her elegant wax doll sold, when she found that her aunt was going to part with her harp and piano. It was evident, however, that the sacrifice had not been made without a struggle—some reminiscence of Dolly being often interwoven with her childish prattle, and the bonnets and caps which she busied herself in making, were all of a size which she thought would fit her favorite.

‘Well, Miss Charlotte, the harp and pi-

ano are gone already,’ said a girl who had been in the family long before the demise of Mr and Mrs Mowbray, who entered under the pretence of replenishing the fire, and who as she bent to perform her task, brushed away the tears with the corner of her apron.

‘Who purchased them?’ inquired Charlotte.

‘Mr Edward Maitland.’

A slight color, for a moment, tinged Charlotte’s pale cheeks, when she found who had become the owner of instruments which had so often yielded their melody to the touch of her fingers, cheering the gloom of many an otherwise weary hour.

‘I wish Mr Maitland would buy my doll, too,’ said Effie, ‘for I like him better than almost any body, don’t you, aunt?’

Charlotte turned away to hide her confusion, and the girl, in spite of her sorrow, could not wholly suppress a smile. Much to Charlotte’s relief, some one now rapped at the door. It proved to be Mr Farrell, who according to a previous arrangement, had come to take his ward and Effie to his own residence to remain till the following Monday, when Charlotte was going to commence the task of instructing a few pupils in a private dwelling situated in a retired part of the city, which belonged to a widow lady, with whom she and her niece were going to board. Mr Farrell apologised for not coming sooner, it having been his intention to arrive before the sale commenced.

Mrs Palmer, Mr Farrell’s sister and house-keeper, a very lady-like woman, welcomed them with much kindness, and made every effort to cause Charlotte to forget the change in her situation and prospects. Charlotte, on her part, exerted herself to appear cheerful, and could hardly forbear feeling surprised at her success.—Her moral powers had in truth received an impulse impelling them to healthful and vigorous action, which yielded a pleasure equally novel and delightful. She no longer possessed the glittering talisman which would bring her luxury and ease. Her own hands must henceforth minister to her

own necessities and those of the helpless child, who like herself, was an orphan, and she felt determined to nerve herself for the task.

Edwin Maitland, who has been introduced to notice several times, was a young lawyer of fine talents, and in good practice for a beginner. He was handsome in person, of a pleasing address, and of inflexible integrity. It was about three months after Charlotte had commenced her school, that he one evening sat alone in his office before the fire, with eyes fixed intently on the glowing coals, and with a look of such deep thoughtfulness, as would have led an observer to imagine that he was striving to trace the intricacies of some abstruse question of the law. But a few expressions of a broken soliloquy, which he unconsciously uttered, would have contradicted any such suspicion. All at once he started from his chair with an air of decision in his looks, put on his hat, and then approaching a harp which leaned against one corner of the room, swept his hand over the strings. There was some hidden magic in the sounds that seemed to strengthen his new-formed resolution, and leaving the office, he walked with a quick and determined step towards Mrs Grant's, where Charlotte Mowbray boarded. Mrs Grant having gone out, he found her alone.

'I will confess,' said she in reply to a speech not quite so eloquent or so fluent as those with which he sometimes addressed the court, the import of which it will not be difficult to conjecture, 'that were I to consult only my feelings, I should give you the answer you desire. But there is an objection—and it is insuperable—which probably does not occur to you.'

'It cannot be an obvious one, or it must have occurred to me. Will you name it?'

'Effie, my orphan niece—I cannot abandon her, neither can I consent to burthen you with her support, dependent as you are upon your own exertions for a livelihood. While I have health and strength it is a duty which I shall perform myself.'

Maitland used all his eloquence to overcome this objection, urging the pleasure it would give him to maintain and educate so beautiful and promising a child. Charlotte was inflexible. Had Maitland been wealthy, she would have decided differently. Effie had been committed to her care by a dying brother, and every feeling revolted from the idea of transferring so sacred a trust to another, to whom the child's poverty might hereafter, cause her to be considered as an incumbrance. Soon afterwards Edwin bade Charlotte a good evening, and as he was lifting the latch of the outer door, rather a startling knock was heard against it. He opened it, and Mr Farrell, Charlotte's guardian, entered.

'What! you here, Edwin?' said he. 'I plied the knocker instead of the bell in the hope it would bring Charlotte to the door. I am sorry you have got the start of me—I am childish enough to wish to be the first to tell her the news.'

'News! what news?'

'Is it possible you don't know? Well, your curiosity shall be gratified all in good time.'

Charlotte, who heard her guardian's voice, now opened the parlor door. Mr Farrell seized her hand, shook it heartily, saying, 'Well, my little ward, I hope you have not many scholars.'

Surprised at the uncommon gaiety of his manners, as well as what appeared to her the singularity of his wish, she made no reply until he again said, 'I hope you have not many scholars, my dear.' She then replied rather gravely, 'not a great many, sir.'

'There will be the less trouble in dismissing them, then.'

'May I ask why you speak thus? I hope I have not given cause of dissatisfaction.'

'O, no—so don't be alarmed. I only thought it would not be quite equitable, according to your nice perceptions of right and wrong, to take employment away from others, who need it so much more than yourself.'

'Surely, sir, you would not condescend to trifle with me, yet you will permit me

to remark that no one can need employment more than I do.'

'No, my dear Charlotte, I will not trifling with you. I have some rather comfortable news for you. The good ship Catharine reported some months since as lost, is safe in harbor—the crew all well and hearty—the cargo extremely valuable, and one that will find a ready sale. The wrecked vessel, supposed to be the Catharine, proved to be the Isabella belonging to one of the southern ports. Why you look as if you were sorry instead of glad, and tears are actually standing in your eyes. Why don't you laugh, and sing, and dance. Old as I am, I believe I cut several odd capers when I found, as the children say, it was 'certain true' that the ship was safe.'

'Believe me, my dear sir,' she replied, 'that my joy is not the less heartfelt for these tears, and I hope that I shall never more distrust the Power that

'From seeming evil, still educes good.' Edwin,' added she, turning to young Maitland, 'since Fortune has shown herself thus propitious, you may, if you please, consider the answer which I gave you half an hour since, as reversed.'

'Then I, even more than yourself, have reason to adopt the language of the poet which you have just repeated, for had you remained in apparent affluence, I should never have had the courage to offer you my hand.'

'It seems then, that what has occurred, has only been a *ruse* of Dame Fortune to make you sufficiently valorous to fulfil your destiny,' said Mr Farrell.

'Yes, for knowing as has been truly said, that discretion is the better part of valor, she was aware that your nephew, who had scarcely money enough in the world to buy a wedding suit, was far from being so rash as to seek the hand of the wealthiest and most accomplished heiress in the city.'

'For my own part, I shall for the future be willing to admit the truth of the old adage, that **HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY**. You, Charlotte, notwithstanding my advice, were enabled to hold fast your integ-

rity, and I trust that I am not the only one, who will profit by your example.'

Charlotte stood by the side of Edwin Maitland, to whom she was now wedded, in an apartment which overlooked a garden whence the breath of early flowers rose on the breeze of a soft spring morning. It was the room containing the library collected by her late father, and she felt gratified to find that the books were in the same order as when she last saw them.

'Are we going to live in our beautiful house again, as we used to, aunt?' said Effie, turning from a window, where she had for some time been observing a bird that was collecting materials for a nest.

'Yes, love, we expect to.'

'How glad I am, for I don't love to live away down in town where the houses are so thick that there is no room for flowers only in pots, and the birds have to be shut up in cages.'

'Mr Bradshaw,' said Maitland, 'was very generous to offer us the house for the same that he gave, for I am confident that he could have obtained more. For my own part I should not have hesitated to have given him a higher price, so desirous was I to restore you to the elegant and beloved home of your childhood. I suppose you think me very liberal with money that belongs to you, but I have, myself, had a windfall.'

'I was not aware that you had any relative from whom you expected anything.'

'Nor had I. Soon after I was admitted to the bar, I gave some professional advice to a rich West Indian planter who was in this country on business, which I considered so trifling that I refused any remuneration. It subsequently proved to be of great service to him. He remembered me in his will, and this morning I received a letter from his executor informing me that he had left me a bequest of twenty thousand dollars.'

By aspiring too high, we frequently miss the happiness which by a less ambitious aim we might have gained.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE REFORM.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

'What a change,' said Mrs. Morrison to her husband, on whose arm she was leaning during an evening walk; 'what a contrast our situation affords now, with what it was one short year since.' 'True,' answered he, 'then we were plunged in the deepest gloom, hope had almost fled, despair was fast winding its thick darkening folds around our hearts; wretchedness, misery and woe intruded their imp-like forms within our cottage, and haggard poverty stared us full and unflinchingly in the face. But now thank heaven the scene is changed; a brighter side of the picture is presented, hope again beams upon us with soul-cheering rays—wretchedness and misery scarce dare to look into our abode; and poverty, at least *abject* poverty, is seeking another habitation.' 'Yes,' returned she, 'we should be truly thankful to heaven for this unlooked for and blessed change which could have been produced only by its favoring hand. Then, the world appeared but one dark scene of sorrow; the future prospects of life were the most gloomy and foreboding; no glimmering ray of light darted its splendor across the vista of coming years, nought but ruin, overwhelming, inevitable, awaited us. And yet this could have been borne with some degree of composure, although we were the cause of all our unhappiness, if there had been none but myself on whom the dark forebodings were to be realized, but when I thought of my poor helpless children, even then more than orphans, my heart did truly weep bitter tears.' Her husband could not reply to these words, for he felt in his conscience that he had been the efficient cause of this sorrow. Yet these words were not spoken in unkindness, nor with

the intention of harrowing up his feelings by bitter recollections of the past; but they were the overflowings of a grateful soul, loving to contemplate the past, and contrast it with the present in order that the goodness of God in the deliverance might be more vividly impressed upon the mind. Silently therefore he walked along, while tears of joy mingled with those of repentance rapidly fell from his eyes. His wife desiring to soothe the deep feelings she had thus unintentionally raised to so high a pitch, yet fearing that she should increase them; without speaking hung upon his arm, until they entered their house; where we will leave them, kind reader, until we have given you a brief history of them previous to their being thus abruptly introduced to you.

George Morrison was the eldest son of a moderately wealthy farmer, of the town of B—. Attending the same district school with myself, and being of a noble, generous, confiding disposition; possessing withal a fund of good humor and keen wit, he was an agreeable companion: and we soon became intimate friends. We conned our tasks together, and together we joined in the sportive plays of youth. Together in the winter season we made our skates ring over the glassy bosom of the lake, or read and enjoyed all the pleasures of social life.

Our youthful days thus joyous passed,
We foolish thought the'd always last.

But 'time rolls his ceaseless course; the blossoms of spring put forth to soon ripen into the fruits of autumn, and the gloom of autumn gives way to dreary winter. The trees send forth their foliage to be nipped by the blighting frost and scattered 'red and sere,' before the furious blast. Thus it is with man, blooming youth gives way to opening manhood, and that again is succeeded by decrepit old age, and finally blighted by the child of death. George soon grew up to ma-

hood, and was looked upon as possessing a more than common share of intelligence and business talent; with a moral character unblemished, on which slander dared not breathe a corroding breath. Such was my early friend. And who would have thought, who that looked upon that countenance beaming with benevolence; and above all, who that knew him in private life; his upright deportment, his habitual kindness, his unruffled mildness of temper, could have thought that he would ever err from virtue's path? that that innate goodness of heart could be supplanted, and a demon made to take its place. Alas poor human nature! How prone to stray from the right path when acted upon by no uncommon influence; and above all,

“When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning.”

The scene and circumstances which I describe are not the wild romantic images of a heated or enthusiastic imagination, but many a one with a breaking heart can trace the reality of the picture, in the career of some friend, in its most prominent points; or at least they may behold the same principles developed.—I have said George was virtuous; he was strictly so! no stain marred his character when he became eighteen. But who can tell the moral desolation which then swept over his soul, blasting all the blooming plants of virtue; as the rivers of fire from *Etna* or *Vesuvius*, pouring down upon the plains below, converting the fruitful verdant fields into the most arid barren waste? It was in the early season of the temperance reform, and but a few faint beams of that bright light which has since spread throughout the land, and almost over the world, had then reached the town of B—. Parties of young people were frequently held in the neighborhood; and George Morrison's presence was very requisite to complete the merry ring.—At these, often wine and other intoxicat-

ing drinks according to the fashion of the times were circulated, and every one was expected to partake of them, and was almost considered ‘a fool in the play’ if he refused. Thus George, though at first very careful to be as temperate as fashion would admit, was gradually beguiled into a love of drink. And how could he resist, public opinion all powerful was decidedly against him, and fashion exercised all her queenly, though tyrannical power, to lead him to destruction; and last though not least, woman, lovely woman, the theme of the poet, and admiration of angels, when engaged in virtue's cause; lent her influence, and bestowed her smiles frequently, though unintentionally to lead him astray; and not seldom with her own hand presented the cup to his lips whose contents would poison both soul and body. One there was, whose presence was as essential to complete the social circle as was Morrison's and even more requisite to complete his joy than any other one's. And well it might be thus, for she was lovely as the loveliest, amiable as the most amiable; not the belle of the place, which in common parlance means not much less than a heartless coquette; but one to whom mothers pointed when they wished to set before their daughters a pattern of filial obedience, sisterly affection; and one whom they as daughters, sisters and descendants of the pilgrim fathers, ‘American ladies,’ might imitate. And did one thus upright and good lead him towards ruin? Surely not intentionally, but submitting to fashion; and ignorant of the consequences, she passed the cup, sparkling as if with joy, while blushing modesty was enthroned upon her own dimpled cheeks, and smiles wreathed themselves around her ruby lips. Terrible, though done in ignorance, terrible was the retribution which overtook her as the sequel proved. Could that joyous girl have looked into the glittering cup which she presented, as the

fortune-teller pretends to look into the tea-cup to read the future destiny of the simple one who seeks to learn what is hidden from mortal eyes ; I say could she thus in *reality* have beheld the ruin, the woe, the grief, the heart-breaking sorrow she was thus bringing upon herself and others, she, aghast and trembling with affright, would have dashed it to the ground, and never more dared to touch its soul-destroying contents. Such was the beginning of the downfall of my friend ; led into the snare by the best friend on earth, one who loved him dearly and doated upon him. Young lady, beware that *you* do not by your intended kindness destroy your friend ; and not only tempt no one to ruin in this way, but disconcert every one who thinks he may be safe in approaching, in the least degree, that precipice over which so many have plunged to rise no more. George Morrison was married to the girl above described before he had any more than formed a taste for alcoholic drinks, but that appetite continually increased and rapidly became uncontrollable ; for the secret that it could be conquered only by total abstinence was not then known.— Soon it became apparent to his neighbors that he was in danger of becoming a drunkard ; yet his wife, putting the utmost confidence in his integrity and strength of character, could not believe it, though many things tended to, in some degree, excite her fears, but she gave them all the most favorable interpretation, so prone is love to overlook the faults of the loved. But soon, too soon for her peace and happiness, was the fact demonstrated to her mind so as to be no longer discredited. George had parted from her in the morning, scarcely six months from the time he led her to the hymenial altar, to attend a militia muster, that bane of society, corrupter of morals, and school of drunkards. Fondly did she smile as she gazed upon him dressed in regimen-

tals, and thought he would not suffer in comparison with any who might that day stand in martial array. Little did she think how sad, dark and gloomy would be that cloud of sorrow which would gather around her heart ere the approaching shades of night would shut out the evening twilight. The sun had sunk below the western hills, but was then darting up towards the zenith long lines of glory, which no artist's pencil could effectually imitate ; the moon was mingling her welcome light with the gathering shades of evening, a loveliness was spread over the face of nature known only to an autumnal eve. Mrs. Morrison was sitting by the window admiring the picture, thus softened by the mingling shades of light and darkness, and thinking it nearly time for her husband to return ; and already anticipating the pleasure she should experience in having him recount the adventures of the day. Soon, perceiving a carriage drive up to the gate, and two men alight helping a third upon the ground, who appeared unable to support himself ; she, fearing it might be George, ran out to meet them as they proceeded towards the door, while the only thought which occupied her mind was, that he had been wounded by some accident. She immediately met them approaching, rather bearing than leading between them the wreck of a human being ; and to her rapid and anxious inquiries they remained mute, neither finding courage enough in his heart to be the communicator of such unwelcome, such disgraceful news to an amiable and lovely wife. And though their manner, their silence and the appearances of him whom they bore, tended to arouse in some measure her suspicions of the truth, yet it was not until they arrived within the house, where lamps were burning, that the overwhelming truth, with all its tremendous realities flashed fully upon her mind. Then as she first gazed full upon her husband's

face, when a burning lamp shone full on it, and there beheld the ghastly, beastly, vacant expression of a drunkard's countenance ; she uttered one wild, piercing, and almost despairing scream and sunk senseless upon the floor. How much more intense must be the feelings of a refined, noble soul in such a moment, than if she saw his features pale and ghastly in death ! for the thought that his spirit might have left its clayey tenement in a state of purity, or breathing forth its desires to heaven, would doubtless have been a great consolation ; but to think that a loved one has sunk himself below the brutes, degraded his name and nature, and gathered infamy and ruin around himself and family as a man collects the folds of his cloak as a defence to the wintry winds ; Oh it is too much for even woman's heart to bear ! But the wretched man being placed upon the bed, his wife was soon recovered by means of restoratives, and awakened once more to the consciousness of the impending sorrow. But the length to which this sketch is already extended, reminds me that it must be brought rapidly to a close, by giving a brief narrative of the prominent circumstances from this up to the time of its opening.

Promises of amendment were made by George on the following morning, after a most mild, calm, yet solemn and touching appeal from his wife. But what are the promises of one who has contracted a thirst for strong drink, unless the solemn resolution is made, or pledge given never to taste more. They are worth but little ; they only mock the hopes of friends, and deceive the one who makes them. Not but that they may be made in sincerity, and with an intention of keeping them, as in the present instance. But being made only to refrain in a measure, and to be moderate in drinking, it is almost certain in the nature of things that they will be broken. George Mor-

rison kept his, such as they were, doubtless to the letter for sometime ; but it was not long before transgressions were apparent ; and from the deep and settled melancholy depicted upon his wife's countenance, it was evident to all that she had faint hopes of his radical reform. Yet she ceased not to endeavor by all kindness, and every art of persuasion of which woman is capable, to win him back to virtue's path. But the drunkard's course is ever downward. His affairs hastened, as the habit grew upon him, from 'better to worse ; his business being neglected, debts multiplied on every hand, and his increasing family, instead of being a stimulus to exertion, sobriety and industry, but hastened his ruin ; as they demanded greater exertions for their support, but the affections of the husband and father being quenched by alcohol, they received them not from him. The consequence of all was, that soon his house and farm passed into the hands of another. But a brighter day was approaching, which should dissipate the gathered clouds of gloom that hung over the wretched family, and again restore them peace, happiness, and plenty ; after having passed through the furnace of affliction, and being deprived of the comforts and many necessaries of life. Yes, that day broke upon them, joyous, glorious and cheering, as the bow of promise, when it spans the heavens with its mingling mellowed hues, on the eve of some stormy day, to the tempest-tossed mariner. But it is time to close, let therefore each reader fancy the joy which that family felt and expressed, and their manner of exhibiting it on that memorable occasion. Suffice it to say, George Morrison signed the total abstinence temperance pledge, lived up to its letter and spirit, became from a wretched, degraded brute, a happy, intelligent being ; laid aside the savageness of the wolf towards his wife and children ; and resumed the affection

and kindness of a husband and father, bargained again for his farm, and at the time our history commenced, was in a fair way of soon paying for it. N.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

H O P E .

When sailing o'er this life's tempestuous sea,
On billows tossed of pain and misery ;
When thunders and tempests lowering dark,
Spend their wild fury on our shattered bark ;
On Hope's sure anchor firmly we confide,
And ride in safety on the angry tide.

When furious tempests in their chariots roll,
And urge their war against the fainting soul ;
When dark'ning clouds the sun of life obscure,
Our bark swift drifting on the wreck-strewed shore,
The Star of Hope doth on our darkness rise,
A beacon light to guide us to the skies.

When earthly cares oppress the troubled mind,
And we in earthly joys no comfort find ;
When disappointment breaks the magic spell,
And real grieves our troubled bosoms swell :
When friends all fail, and riches fly away,
The staff of Hope supports our trembling way.

When earth's fond hopes and all its pleasures fair,
Vanish like morning mists and melt in air ;
When envy gnaws with foul, corroding teeth,
And virtue falls 'neath slander's with'ring breath ;
A bright plumed bird, in soft, melodious strains,
Her name is Hope, invites to fairer climes. D.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

— ' And are we English born ?'
Art thou the England famed in song ?'
S. C. HALL.

' Your father a rich and powerful noble, dear Francesca ! your future station will be worthy of you ! ' exclaimed Guido, as they drew their seats closer to the hearth, too much excited to retire to their usual rest.

' I cannot rejoice,' replied she ; ' I feel strangely oppressed, and am for once tempted to indulge those mournful presentiments which I reprove in you. What have I done that fate should deal more gently with me than with my mother ?—I seem to believe with Arden, that there may be houses with whom ill fortune abides as an heirloom. I tremble in thinking what humanity may be called upon to endure. Amid this vast and common misery, how dare we hope to escape ! '

' There are exceptions, dearest, and such I hope is for thee. You have known early care, and soon-coming sorrow. As a very child, you were the stay of our little household ; and how, in our late worldly experience, your own kind and true heart has led you aright ! You look meekly forward—you indulge in no vain repinings—you exert yourself for others—your affections are hard to be chilled, and your belief in good, paramount. Fate forms its predestined wretches of other materials.'

' I now understand,' continued Francesca, ' the reason of our grandfather's dislike to Englishmen. How I ought to rejoice that some, I will venture to say, providence, enabled me to overrule the weak tenderness which urged me to be Robert Evelyn's companion ! His real nature would soon have shown its baseness ; and holy Madonna ! to have made such discovery as his wife ! '

' Had your mother so refused to participate in Lord Avonleigh's concealment, how much misery would have been spared ! Do you remember that line in the English poet—whom we now keep for his own sake, no longer for that of his donor—where that loving and sweet Viola says,

' Deceit, I see thou art a wickedness !
O ! how rash, thus to give fate an additional arm against us ! '

' How little,' exclaimed Francesca, ' can

I comprehend such a love as Arden's—so cruel and so unrelenting! Methinks the happiness of the beloved one is dearer, a thousand times dearer than our own. How could he help confirming Lord Avonleigh's wavering faith!—how could he endure to purchase Beatrice's self with Beatrice's sorrow?

'I know not that,' replied Guido; 'there is something so bitter in a rival. I could sooner bear my mistress's hate than her indifference.'

'What fearful penalty,' continued Francesca, 'has his exaggerating spirit exacted!—his love and his remorse are alike terrible.'

'What a change will this disclosure make in our plans! O! the vain folly of deciding on the morrow! Who,' asked Guido, 'would have thought of our going to England!—for thither will I accompany you. What a weight from my most inmost heart will it take to see you loved and acknowledged in your father's house! Let what will happen there, I care not.'

'My beloved Guido, unless it be for you also, there is no home for me. What new tie of duty or of affection can be so near and dear as that which has been cherished from the first? Whatever be our future lots, they are cast together.'

The next morning—the excitement of the foregoing midnight being past—they talked the strange history more calmly over. 'I should like to know,' remarked Francesca, 'whether Mr Arden has aught of proof to support his story.'

'O! the truth is marked in every word. I would stake my life on Arden's veracity.'

'Lord Avonleigh will require something more than the assertion of one whose reason is obviously disordered.'

'I wish to heaven that my grandfather had been more communicative. Beyond a vague idea of the gone-by glories of the house of Carrara, we know nothing about ourselves.'

This conversation was interrupted by Arden's entrance, who, worn and dejected, seemed scarcely to know how to address his young companions, as if he feared some sudden change in their manner. Both greeted him kindly; for his suffering was more present to them than his faults. They hesitated to renew the subject, but his mind was too full to allow of his speaking on indifferent topics; and, after a few words alluding to the disclosure, he asked, 'Was there any ob-

stacle to their immediate departure for England.'

'None. But,' said Francesca, hesitatingly, 'will not Lord Avonleigh need some warrant for the truth of this history?'

'You have all necessary proofs in your possession, though you may not be aware of their existence,' replied Arden; 'will you allow me to open yonder box?'

'There is nothing in that,' said Guido, 'but a genealogy of the Carraras, drawn up by my grandfather. We have kept this little ebony coffer for the sake of its curious carving. The marriage of Cana is beautifully wrought on its lid.'

'I know the box well—it was once mine. I gave it Beatrice on the day of her fete. How little then did I dream to what purpose it would be applied! You are not aware that here are hidden drawers.'

He raised the cover, and, pressing one of the figures, a lid flew up and discovered a secret place, whose existence they had never suspected. There lay a picture, a small packet of letters, and a little roll of papers.

'These,' continued Arden, 'are the certificate of the marriage, and the register of your birth. Though deeming them useless, Beatrice, poor Beatrice, always carefully treasured them; and this is the likeness of your father.'

It was one of those faces which win their way through the eye, to the heart all the world over—so frank, so glad, and so full of youth. The rich auburn hair hung down in the long curls then worn, as if natural beauty were, indeed, a sign of gentle blood, and fully displayed the white and broad Saxon brow; the complexion was fair, with a high color; and the clear hazel eyes were full of eagerness, hope, and mirth. It was a style of face, with its light yet rich colors, to which the young Italians were not accustomed. Both were equally charmed, but the same feeling made them hesitate.—Neither wondered in their hearts that the gay and brilliant noble had obtained the preference over the wan and gloomy student; for they only pictured Arden as he stood before them—they forgot that he had ever been young.

He read their thoughts, and, taking the picture, gazed upon it mournfully; then added. 'He is almost as handsome still!'

Guido, by way of diverting the embarrassment which seemed to infect them all, began to unfasten the packet of let-

ters. A faint yet sweet perfume exhaled from the folds, and some withered rose and violet leaves fell upon the table; shape and color had long passed away, but a mournful fragrance remained—mournful as the memory of departed happiness.

He was about to open one of the scrolls, when Francesca took them from his hand. 'Nay, Guido, we will not read them: there are some letters never meant but for one eye, and such are these. This packet shall be given untouched into Lord Avonleigh's'—she corrected her words—'into my father's own hands.'

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

Love trimmed his fairy shallop's sail,
And laughing woed a prosperous gale,
While Faith, with eye serene and mild,
Sat at the helm and calmly smiled.

O'er the clear and sunlit sea
Love's shallop glided merrily;
And what had Love to do with Fear,
While Faith was there, the bark to steer?

Bright was each isle they glided by,
And bright the sea and bright the sky.
Love caroled, gay, his sweetest air,
Or slept secure, for Faith was there.

At length a storm lowered darkly, near.
'Fear not,' cried Faith, 'I still am here.'
Love fixed on Faith his steadfast eye,
Serene and bright—the storm passed by!

But Jealously, with aspect wild,
Approached and hailed the trusting child;
Love listened 'till o'ercome with dread,
Faith left the helm, and trembling fled.

Who now the fairy bark shall steer?
Wild winds the guideless rudder veer.
By whelming waves the bark is toss'd,
And Love is wrecked, for Faith is lost!

No Judge.—A learned judge who shall be nameless, while trying a case during the last circuit, saw, just in front of him, a person wearing a hat. His lordship desired one of the officers to make that man take off his hat or leave the court. 'My lord,' said the supposed offender, who proved to be a lady in a riding-habit, 'I am no man.' 'Then,' said his lordship, 'I am no judge.'

From the Ladies Companion.

THE PORTRAIT OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET sisters—blest the art that keeps
The form of grace, the brow of snow,
From Time's dark wing, that coldly sweeps
To blight those beauties while they glow;

But that which gives each charm its power,
The heart sincere—the thought refin'd—
The love that soothes afflictions hour—
The calm and holy light of mind—

These ask no limner's magic skill,
Nor shrink at adverse fortune's moan;
Through fading years they flourish still—
Sweet sisters guard them as your own.

The above lines were suggested on seeing the portrait of two beautiful sisters, the daughters of Robert Walsh, Esq. of Philadelphia, at the studio of Mr. Healy, in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1840.

THE PILGRIM.

Where the wild woods and pathless forest
frown,
The darkling Pilgrim seeks his unknown
way,
Till on the grass he throws him weary
down,
To wait, in broken sleep, the dawn of day.
Through boughs just waving in the silent
air,
With pale capricious light the summer
moon
Chequers his humid couch, while fancy
there,
That loves to wanton in the night's deep
noon,
Calls from the mossy rocks and fountain's
edge
Fair visionary nymphs, that haunt the
shade,
Or Naiades rising from the whispering
sedge;
And 'mid the beauteous group his dear-
loved maid
Seems beckoning him with smiles to join
the train;
Then, starting from his sleep, he feels his
woes again?

MRS. SMITH.

Origin of Fashion.—'Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?'—'From Boston.' 'Well, where do the Boston folks get them from?' 'From England.' 'Ah, and where do the English get them from?' 'From France.' 'And where do the French get them from?' 'Why—why right straight from the devil; there, now, stop your noise!'

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

I have seen young ladies who would choose almost any other in the circle of their acquaintance as a confidant to whom they might commit every thing of interest to themselves, than entrust their mother, their earliest and most devoted friend. They seem too often to suppose that their mother from being so much in advance of them in years, can possess no feelings in unison with their own, and is therefore not so suitable a person to sympathize with their views, as some one nearer their own age, consequently they regard it as quite an attainment, to be able to *keep all their secrets from their mother*. Mistaken girls; were they to look at the subject in its correct light, they would at once see that she is possessed of every advantage requisite to their entire confidence. She has once been young like themselves, and doubtless subject to similar sentiments and events to those they now experience. Nor can it generally be supposed that age has so blunted the sensibilities of nature, that she cannot readily enter into a just estimate of those circumstances and ideas of so much interest to her daughters. Advancement in the journey of life has afforded to her that experience which can render her capable of imparting such instruction and advice, as those of their own age are wholly unqualified to give. In addition to these considerations, who else, however sincere may be their friendship, can feel all that tender solicitude which glows within a mother's breast? She who has watched them with unceasing vigilance from their cradle days to riper years, has wept if they have been afflicted, and rejoiced in all their pleasure, must surely be of all persons on earth, the most suitable to sustain the rank of first friend and confidant.

Origin of the word Lady.—In an old work, of the date of 1762, is the following account of the origin of the term *Lady*. We much fear that if this rule regulated the appellation at this day, very many of our Ladies would be compelled, however reluctantly, to resign the title.—ED.

“ As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called *ladies*, even before their husbands had any title,

to convey that mark of distinction to them. You must know, that heretofore it was the fashion for a lady of affluence, once a week or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors, *with her own hands*, and she was called by them the *Leff-day*, i. e. the *bread giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it.”—*Ladies' Cab. Magazine*.

Providence was intended to be the handmaid to Grace, but Grace only can unfold the steps of Providence.

Editorial.

LIVING FOR IMMORTALITY.

‘ Born to drink and eat.’

Such might be the supposition of some stranger being should he be introduced to our species, ignorant of their origin or destiny, and deriving all his knowledge from what he saw. For what higher aim do thousands seem to have? Had they written a diary of their lives what would appear on its pages but a record of untimely follies? What but daily anxieties about eating, drinking and wearing?

And is this our being's end and aim?—Can we hope to die in peace, when our past actions afford us no other consolation than a review of a life spent in consummate uselessness? Never! We cannot hope to die either self-satisfied or with the applause of men or the approbation of God!

Augustus, it is said, a few minutes before his death asked his surrounding friends if they thought he had acted well his part.—Upon hearing them reply in the affirmative he exclaimed, ‘ Let me then go off the stage with your applause! ’

This, for a heathen, was noble, and it could be wished that every woman and man in this nominally christian nation could as confidently ask the applause of his peers at his decease; could feel he had not lived for nothing.

Of how few can a memoir be written showing they lived worthy of themselves. It would be well for mankind if the fol-

lowing epitaph on a noble lady could be inscribed with truth on the tombstone of our modern ladies; especially if its last thought were true of them.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

But the folly of wasting life on trifles is more apparent when immortality reflects its coming lights on this dim vestibule of being. Then we shudder to see spiritual existences of duration next to infinite, sacrificing their powers to the ephemeral fancies of day. O, 'tis pitiful, and will be more so anon. Let us persuade our readers to live so that they may benefit the world, die with an approving conscience, and secure the highest rewards in eternity.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS ON CHILDREN. Mothers frequently demur at the idea of giving moral instruction at a very early age. They think it useless to begin so soon. This is a mistake. We cannot begin to form the moral character of a child too early. Their minds are soft, like the rock in solution; like it it will receive impressions, and as the rock hardened by the fires of flying ages opens at last under the stroke of the geologist's hammer and reveals the form of a fern, an insect or a footprint; so the mind of a child will receive images that after being hidden for years will suddenly exhibit themselves with a surprising and unexpected effect on the character.

Nor are children incapable of learning important lessons while children. We give an example, full of interest to parents, by way of illustrating our proposition.

A clergyman some time since preached a sermon on sinful amusements, in the course of which he forcibly condemned chequer-playing as a species of gambling. A little boy in the congregation listened to these remarks with much seeming interest, and the next day said to his aunt:

'I want my chequer-board.'

Now it should be understood that a few days before he had begged the board and learned to play of a little neighbor, and was in the very hey-day of delight with his newly found amusement; but to return.

His aunt gave him the board and asked him,

'What are you going to do with it?'

'To burn it,' said he with a smile.

'Why?'

He replied as he hasted to the fire with his board,

'The minister said chequer-boards belonged to Satan, and I am sure I don't want anything that belongs to him.'

This was noble in that little fellow. It shows the power of observation, conscience and truth even in children, and teaches us to be ever alive to improve opportunities to fasten some practical truth on their young hearts.

PEACE. Peace is the gift of Heaven; the offspring of grace; the companion of virtue. Proceeding from purity it can only dwell with the pure. Quiet in its nature, it will not abide where an uneasy conscience clamors for satisfaction. Timid as a virgin at midnight, it flies the presence of guilt. Sensitive as that delicate plant which shrinks from the slightest touch, it glides away from a vicious thought. It wills no friend but innocence. Would you, then, fair reader, have peace? Be strictly virtuous; in thought, in word, in action. Then shall this daughter of Heaven's warmest love occupy thy heart, and lead thee to her own eternal temple.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Will our Fall River correspondent forward her name to the former editor, with any further articles for the Pearl; as her name is lost from our books, and he wishes to make a remittance, &c.

'Matilda Maitland,' though containing many passages of merit, is inadmissible. We think its talented author will one day thank us for its rejection. Let him try again.

MY BELOVED, WILT THOU OWN ME?

ENGLISH MELODY.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

ANDANTE.

My Be - lov - ed, wilt thou own me, When my heart is all de - - filed ?

Though thy dy - - ing love has won me, Though thy dy - - ing

love has won me, Can I deem thee rec - - on - - - ciled ?

2. My Beloved, pass before me,
Never from my sight remove.
Many waters, flowing o'er me,
Cannot quench my burning love.
3. My Beloved, now endue me
With thine own attractive charms ;
May thy spirit sweetly woo me ;
Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4. My Beloved, safely hide me
In the drear and cloudy day ;
Ere the windy storm has tried me,
Hide my trembl'ing soul, I pray.
5. My Beloved, kindly take me
To thy sympathizing breast ;
Never, never more forsake me ;
Guide me to the land of rest.